

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man  
If his chiefe good and market of his time  
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:  
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse  
Looking before and after, gaue vs not  
That capabilitie and god-like reason  
To fust in vs vnyd, now whether it be  
Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,  
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdom,  
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know  
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,  
Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and meanes  
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,  
Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,  
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,  
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffe,  
Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,  
Exposing what is mortall, and vn Timer, sure,  
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,  
Is not to stirre without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw  
When honour's at the stake, how stand I then  
That haue a father kild, a mother staine'd,  
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,  
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame  
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tombe enough and continent  
To hide the staine, o from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunat.

Indeede distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares  
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,  
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt  
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,  
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue.

The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,  
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,  
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,  
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought  
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew  
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,  
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,  
Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,  
So full of artlesse ieaousie is guilt,  
It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spylt.

Oph. Where is the beautionous Maiestie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now Ophelia?

shee sings.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,  
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this long?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,

He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,  
At his head a grasgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.

Song.

O ho.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord:

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,  
Which beweept to the ground did not go  
With true loue showers:

Song.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daugh-  
ter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.  
God be at your table.

King.